



# Newfoundlander.

No. 30.

WEDNESDAY, February 13, 1828.

Sixpence.

On Sale.

On Sale.

**Rendell & Mortimer,**

(On very moderate terms.)

A Few Tierces Waterford Porter,  
Ditto Erkins Butter (first quality),  
Brandy, Geneva,  
Claret and White Wine,  
Coffee, Rice,  
Bohea and Congo Tea,  
No. and flat Canvass,  
Cordage,  
Paints and Paint Oil,  
Coal Tar,  
Iron Hoops,  
Fowling Pieces,  
Sole Leather, Calf Skins, Cordovan,  
Boots and Shoes,  
Blanketing, Serges, Flannel, Baize,  
Rush-bottom Chairs,  
China Tea Services.

February 6.

An excellent **BILLIARD TABLE** for  
Sale—Apply to  
**JOHN LONG.**  
November 21, 1827.

**EDWARD MORRIS**

**R**ESPECTFULLY begs leave to inform his friends and the public, that he has commenced Business in a Shop opposite the Premises of Messrs. HUNTERS & Co., and solicits their attention to the following Catalogue of **MEDICINES, DRUGS, &c.**, which are of the very best quality, lately received from England, and offered for Sale at reduced prices:—

**S**ODA, Seidlitz, and Ginger-beer Powders,  
Epsom and Glauber Salts,  
Senna, Alum, Pearl Ashes, Tartaric Acid,  
Carbonate of Soda, Salt of Tartar,  
Flour of Sulphur, Stone ditto, Roman Vitriol,  
Borax, Sugar of Lead, Liquefice, Magnesia,  
Calomel, Jalap, Sulphate of Potash, Lunar Caustic,  
Calcined Magnesia, Aloes, Balsam Tolu,  
Balsam Peru, Camphor, Cream Tartar,  
Peruvian Bark, Saffron, Essence of Bergamot,  
Gum Arabic, Gum Benjamin, Assafetida,  
Gamboge, Guaiacum, Myrrh, Scammony, Manna,  
Cochineal, Cantharides, Colocynthis, Opium,  
Columba and Oris Root, Ipæacuanha, Rhubarb,  
Spermaceti, Gum Mastice, Shell Lac,  
Sulphate of Quina, Jodine, Conserve of Roses,  
Chamomile flowers, Gum Ammoniac, Hellebore,  
Catechu, Sulphate of Iron, Rotten Stone,  
Sal Prunel, Sulphate of Zinc and Antimony,  
Saltpetre, Galls, Burgundy Pitch, Castile Soap,  
Alkanet Root, Lytharge, Opodeldoc, Castor Oil,  
Spirits of Wine, Anderson's Pills,  
Blister and Adhesive Plaster, Ointments,  
Tinctures of every description,  
Dutch Drops, Turbington's Balsam,  
Jesuit's Drops, Volatile Salts, Cardamon,  
Caraway and Coriander Seeds,  
Pineato, Cloves, Nutmegs, Mace, Cinnamon,  
Ginger, Pepper, Mustard, Bitter Almonds,  
Arrow Root, Sago, Honey, Gum, Starch,  
Thumb Blue, Coppers, Logwood,  
Lump Black, Ivory ditto, Black Lead,  
Rose Pink, Turkey Umber, Terra de Sienna,  
Prussian Blue, Indigo, Vermillion,  
Yellow Ochre, Orchill, French Chalk,  
Oils of Lavender, Cinnamon, Cloves, Peppermint,  
Caraway, Juniper, and Almonds,  
Fenel Seed, British Oil,  
Ponatum and Lavender Water,  
Olive Oil,  
Black and Red Sealing Wax, Wafers,  
Black Lead Pencils,  
And a great variety of other Articles.

Orders, prescriptions, &c. thankfully received, and made up at the shortest notice.

E. M. hopes, by the strictest attention, care, and assiduity, to merit a share of public patronage.

December 26, 1827.

**JOHN RYAN**

& Co.

**140 Dozen Brown Stout,**

(Superior quality.)

In packages of from 5 to 10 dozen.

January 9, 1828.

**Schooner INDUSTRY,**

Burthen 31 tons, now lying at the wharf of the Subscribers; she is full timbered for the ice, and the terms of payment will be made accommodating to the purchaser.

**JOHN DUNSCOMB & Co.**

January 23.

**NIGHTS IN THE GUARD-HOUSE.**

(From the Military Sketch-Book.)

"Who goes there?"—"Rounds."  
"What rounds?"—"Grand rounds."  
"Stand, grand rounds—advance one and give the countersign?"—"Waterloo."

"Pass, grand rounds: all's well."  
Splash went the steed, and patter went the rain, as the above dialogue rapidly passed between the officer of the rounds and the advanced sentry of Ballycraggan guard-house, one stormy night in the depth of December, and in the midst of the Wicklow mountains.

"Guard, turn out!" instantly bellowed with true Highland energy, from the lungs of Sergeant M'Fadgen, and echoed quickly by those of Corporal O'Callaghan, increased the panic to its climax, and broke up the circle of story-tellers who were enjoying themselves round a huge turf fire, and, for aught we know, a bottle of pure poteen. "Guard, turn out!" repeated the Corporal, as he upset, in his haste to obey, the stool on which he sat, as well as the lance corporal and a fat private who occupied one end of it; but notwithstanding these little embarrassments, both men and muskets were out of the guard-house in a twinkling—silent, and as steady in line as the pillars of the Giant's Causeway.

The officer's visit did not last many seconds, for the night was too wet, and nothing had occurred with the guard worth his particular notice: off he galloped, and the clatter of his horse's hoofs was almost drowned in the word of command given by Sergeant M'Fadgen, as he returned the guard; for the sergeant always made it a point, when giving the word within the hearing of an officer, to display the power of his non-commissioned lungs in the most laudable manner.

The arms were speedily laid down, and each man ran to take up his former position at the fire, or perhaps to secure a better, if permitted to do so by the rightful owner: this, however, was, as regarded the stools, without any reference whatever to the sergeant's seat—an old oak chair, which he leisurely, gravely, and consequentially resumed.

"The Major was in a hurry to night, sergeant," observed corporal O'Callaghan, as he fixed himself at the front of the fire, elbowing his supporters right and left.

"The Major's nae fool, corporal: it's a cauld an' a raw night," replied the sergeant.

"Could, did ya say, sergeant?" returned O'Callaghan. "By the powers o' Moll Kelly! he knocks fire enough out o' the wet stones to keep both him and the baste warm; I could ha' lit my pipe with it when he started off."

"Aweel, he's done his duty as effectually as if he had stopped an hour: so dianna fash, but gi' us that story you were just commencing afore the turn-out."

"Yes, yes, the story, corporal!"—"Give us the story."—"That's the thing, my boy."—"Let us have it." These, and a dozen similar requests followed the sergeant's, from the men of the guard: when, after the due quantity of hems, haws, and

apologies, usual in all such cases, corporal O'Callaghan commenced the following

**STORY OF MARIA DE CARMO.**

"Well! if yiz will have the story, I suppose I must tell it. Maria De Carmo, you see, is a Portuguese name, as you Redmond, and you Tom Paterson knows well; for it's often you saw the self-same young girl, I'm going to tell about; and as purty a crature she was as ever stept in shoe leather,—a beautiful and as sweet a young blossom as the sun ever shone upon, with her black curls, and her white teeth, set just like little rows of harpsicord keys; and her eyes, and her lips, and her ankles! O! she bet all the girls I ever saw in either Spain or Portugal—that you may depend upon. Well, Harry Gainer was her sweetheart; poor fellow! he was my comrade for many a long day. You knew him well, sergeant."

"I listed the lad mysel' at Waterford, about this time ten years, as near as possible; an' a gay calant he was," said M'Fadgen; and then with an important sigh resumed his pipe.

"Well, Harry and I went out with the regiment from Cork to Lisbon in 1810, and it was in March; for we spent our Patrick's Day aboard, and drowned our shamrock in a canteen of ration rum, just as we were laying sight o' Ireland; and we gave the country three cheers on the fore-castle—the whole lot of us together, sailors an' all, as the green hills turned blue, an' began to sink away from our sight. We had a fine passage, an' landed at a place called the Black Horse Square, in Lisbon, after only six days' sailing, as hot and as fine a day, although in March, as one of our July days here. Well—to make a long story short, we made no delay, but, according to ordithers, we re-embarked aboard the boats, and sailed up the Tagus to Villa Franca, (as purty a river as ever I sailed in) and then the regiment marched on to Abrantes, where we halted: it was in this town that Harry first met with Maria De Carmo. Both he and I were quartered at her father's house—a nice country sort of a place, what the Portuguese call a *Quinta*, in the middle of a thick wood of olives, on the side o' the hill of Abrantes.

"We halted here about a month, during which time Gainer was always looking after this young girl; and faith! he hadn't much trouble to find her any day, for she was just as fond of looking after him. I often met them both strolling up along the side o' the river, like two turtle doves, billing and cooing, and I could ha' told how the matter would have gone in two days after we arrived; for, 'poor my sow! I don't know how it is, but when a young couple meets, that's made for one another, there is such an attraction, an' such a snaking toward this way an' that way, that they are always elbowing and jostling, till they fall into each others arms."

"Poor Harry was a warm-hearted soul as ever was born, and as honourable too. He came to me the night before we marched from Abrantes for Elvas, and says he to me (we were just outside the town, takin a bit of a walk in an orange garden) says he, 'Tom,—an' the poor fellow sighed enough to break his heart.—'Tom,' says he, 'I don't know what to do with that girl; the regiment marches tomorrow, and God knows will I ever see her again. She wants to come with me, unknown to her parents.' 'An' will you take her?' says I. 'Take her, Tom,' says he, 'is it, an' she the only child of the good natured old man, that behaved so well to us? The Lord forbid! I'd sooner jump off this hill into the river than I'd lade a sweet and innocent girl astray, to break the heart o' her father.'

"Och! I knew well before I mentioned it, that Harry's heart was in the right place.—'Well,' says I, 'you must only love her, poor thing; it's better nor take her with you. But what does her father say?' 'O,' says Harry, 'the poor man would be willing enough to let her marry me if I was settled; but although he likes me so much, he knows well that this is no time for marring goes with soldiers.'—'Well, then, Harry,' says I, 'there's no manner o' use in talking; you must only give her a lock o' your hair and a parting kiss,—then God speed you both.'

"With that, we went back to our quarters, an' took share o' a canteen o' wine; but although Harry drank, I saw it was more for the dthrowing of his troubles, and the sake of conversation about Maria, than for any likin he had to licker. But faith! I'm sure, although I'm no great hand at it myself, I think a glass on such an occasion as that, when the heart o' the poor fellow was so full, an' my own not very

[For continuation see last page.]



is completely crushed, and exists there no more. It is only in the putrescent and fetid soils of the old countries that infernal plant can flourish and luxuriate, spreading its noxious vapours, and causing ruin and desolation within the sphere of its influence. It is, my Lord, an exotic, and will not take root in the young soil of America, though it may be wafted across the "waters of the vast Atlantic" by the eloquence of my lord Bishop of Chester, and his compeers at the Newfoundland School Society. I shall conclude my remarks on the state of religion at Newfoundland, with only one observation: That I must have, in this letter, stated many falsehoods to your Lordship, or my lord Bishop of Chester must have been most grossly imposed upon to be induced (no doubt from the representations made to him) to say, in his speech at the meeting of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, that "that island (Newfoundland) in respect to christian instruction, was in a state approaching to destitution."

The Newfoundland.

ST. JOHN'S, (WEDNESDAY) February 13, 1828.

Brethrick Institution.

St. John's, Newfoundland, 7th February, 1828.

At a Meeting of the Members of the Institution, held this day at the Court-house—the Hon. A. W. DES BARRES in the chair—it was moved and unanimously

Resolved, 1st.—That the instructions for the party composing the expedition to discover the Red Indians, and which are now read, be adopted, and acted upon by the Society.

2d.—That a bounty of 100 dollars be paid to the party sent in pursuit of the Indians, in addition to the sum granted for their services by the President, W. E. CORMACK, Esq., provided it appears by subsequent investigation that they shall have discovered the abodes of the Red Indians now in existence.

The following is an abstract of the instructions given to JOHN LEWIS, for the guidance of the party sent in pursuit of the Aborigines:—

John Lewis to proceed, forthwith, to Clode Sound, and there join John Stevens and Peter John, two other Indians; thence go forward with them to Fortune Bay, in order to prepare for their departure on

to be the most favourable time for an expedition into the interior, from the facility which the hard snow will afford of traversing a large extent of country in a comparatively short period of time. The party is then, in the first place, to proceed to the vicinity of White-bear Bay, in order to acquire any useful information that can be obtained from a party of Miamecs furring in that quarter; thence to strike through the country to St. George's Bay; thence to the Bay of Island Lake; then traverse the country to the Westward of Red Indian Lake, and across to White Bay, and thence depart for the River Exploits. Thus exploring all that tract of country, where, from the best information obtained, and from recent observations made by Mr. CORMACK, the Red Indians may be reasonably supposed to reside; unless, indeed, amid the complicated evils by which they have so long been surrounded, the unfortunate creatures should have all ceased to exist.

In the event of their meeting with the Red Indians, the party have the most strict and particular directions not to commit any act which may be considered as unfriendly by them; nor even to have any communication with them, under any circumstances, however favourable they may appear to be. But they are instructed to ascertain, as accurately as they can, the number and situation of the Red Indians, return immediately to St. John's, and report the particulars of their discovery to the Institution;—when another expedition will be formed upon a more matured plan, and the most effective means taken to ensure its success.

We understand that his Honour the President, with his characteristic liberality and benevolence, has handsomely contributed to the funds of the Brethrick Institution, and kindly promised his support and countenance to its objects, by forwarding, and recommending to the consideration of His Majesty's Government, any representations the Institution may make on the subject of that oppressed and unfortunate tribe—the Red Indians.

Two Brigs were seen in the ice, about three leagues off Witless Bay, on the 3d instant.

To the Editor of the Newfoundland.

SIR, I take the liberty of handing you a list of Fish, enigmatically defined, by giving it insertion in your next number you will oblige

Your's, respectfully,

TRIM SHAMP.

St. John's, 12th February, 1828.

Three-fourths of a pronoun, and two-thirds of a limb.

One-half of a push, the name of a tree, and two-fifths of a mistake.

Three-fifths of a plough-blade, and one-half of a small bird.

One-half of a piece of foreign silver coin, three-fifths of a small bottle, and one-third of a short pointed wire.

One-half of an elegant lofty hall, and three-sevenths of a mixed breed.

The passive participle of an active verb, one-half of a title in physic, and the beginning of a regal title.

Three-fourths of a large room, a vowel, and one-half of a servant.

Three-fifths of a large water fowl, and a circle.

One-half of a well known domestic fowl, and one-half of a glass vessel.

One-half of a surgeon's instrument, and two-thirds of a disjunctive conjunction.

Two-thirds of a lamentation, and one-half of an ensign of authority.

One-half of a wooden vessel, and one-half of a musical instrument.

Four-sevenths of a sore swelling, one-half of a short measure, and the beginning of what sportsmen are fond of.

Part of a lady's dress, and one-half of the lime tree.

Three-fourths of a pot-herb transposed.

Part of the lungs (omitting a letter), and four-sevenths of barren.

MELANCHOLY OCCURRENCE.—On the evening of Thursday last, a shopman in the employ of Messrs. John Ryan & Co., Mr. SAMUEL SKELTON, left their house, between 9 and 10 o'clock, with the intention of visiting a sick friend in the neighbourhood, directing the servant-man in the kitchen to go to bed, and leave the back door unlocked for him, as he intended to return in a short time. Not having made his appearance at the usual time in the morning, his absence excited some alarm, particularly when it was discovered he had left his friend's house about 11 o'clock on the preceding night. Throughout the whole of Friday the strictest enquiries were made for him, without avail; but on Saturday evening the unfortunate man's cap was discovered on the ice, close to Messrs. W. & H. Thomas's wharf—and, upon further search, his body was found immediately under, in an erect position, with the arms clasped round a post. It is conjectured that the deceased, in his way home upon the ice, missed Messrs. Ryan & Co.'s wharf, owing to the pitchy darkness of the night, and having fallen through, was unable to rescue himself, though from the appearance of the body, he must have made great exertions—while any cries for assistance, would have been lost, amidst the pelting of the pitiless storm.—The deceased was an unmarried man, about 40 years of age, and a native of Carrick-on-Suir (Ireland). He possessed the most mild and unassuming manners, and his loss is sincerely regretted by his employers and all who knew him. His remains were conveyed to the grave on Sunday last, numerously and respectfully attended.

Died on Monday, the 4th instant, Mr. DAVID O'LAUGHLYN, aged 45 years, a respectable tradesman in this town. His funeral took place on Thursday last, attended by the members of the Benevolent Irish Society, and the members of the St. John's Mechanic's Society, in procession.

On Monday last, Mrs. BARRON, wife of Mr. Laurence Barron. Her funeral will take place this day (Wednesday), at half-past 3 o'clock, when her friends and acquaintances are respectfully requested to attend.

Notices.

MEETING-POSTPONED.

THE Twenty-second Anniversary Meeting of the Benevolent Irish Society, will fall on Sunday next, the 17th instant; but as the election of Officers for the ensuing twelve months is to take place, and other important matters connected with the affairs of the Institution are to be introduced, it is thought expedient to hold the Anniversary Meeting on the following day (Monday, the 18th), at the ORPHAN ASYLUM SCHOOL-ROOM, at 10 o'clock, forenoon, when all the Members are particularly requested to attend.

By order,

JAMES KAVANAGH,

Secretary.

February 13.

REQUIRED for the Service of the Royal Engineer department,

LATHS . . . . . Bundles, 1,500.

ALSO,

A LATH-RENDER for occasional work.

The Laths to be 4 feet long, and of a good quality—a sample of which may be seen by applying to Mr. HADDEN, Clerk of the Works, New Government-House.

Tenders, expressing price in Sterling for the above, will be received at this Office, on the 19th instant, at noon.—Payment to be made in Sterling.

GEORGE MANVELL,

A. C. G.

Commissariat Office, St. John's, 11th February, 1828.

Amateur Theatre, St. John's.

UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF HIS HONOUR THE PRESIDENT.

(For the benefit of the Poor.)

THIS EVENING,

The 13th instant,

The Theatre will open with the Comedy of

WAYS AND MEANS,

AND

THE MUCH-ADMIRRED FARCE OF

High Life Below Stairs.

Tickets to be had, and places taken, at the Office of Mr. CLIFT.—(Boxes 3s.—Pit 2s.)

Doors to be opened at ½ past 6 o'clock—performance to commence at 7.

February 13.

FIRE WOOD,

For the use of the Troops in Garrison at this place.

ONE Hundred Cords of Fir FIRE WOOD, of Merchantable quality, and to be delivered at Fort William Fuel-Yard before the 24th July next.

The Cord of Wood to be composed of the length, breadth, and height usually furnished to Government, and to be piled in the above Yard, by the Contractor, four Cords high, if required, and measured in the said piles.

Tenders, in triplicate, stating price in Sterling money, addressed to the Subscriber, for any part of the above, (not less than 20 Cords,) will be received at this Office, until WEDNESDAY the 20th inst., at noon—marked on the envelope, "Tender for Fire Wood."

Payment for same will be made in British silver money, or in Dollars at 4s. 4d. each.

Security will be required for the due performance of the Contract, whose real signature must be affixed to the Tenders, which are in every respect to be conformable to this advertisement, or no notice will be taken of them.

GEORGE MANVELL,

A. C. G.

Commissariat Office, St. John's, 5th February, 1828.

ALL Persons having legal demands against the Estate of THOMAS WALSH, of Carrickbeg, in the County of Waterford, (Ireland,) but late of Carbonear, (Newfoundland,) Cooper, deceased, are requested to present their Accounts duly attested to the Subscriber: and those indebted to the said Estate, are desired to make immediate payment to

MICHAEL A. FLEMING,

Administrator to the Estate of the late Thomas Walsh.

January 30.

St. John's, Newfoundland, 12th January, 1828.

THE Co-partnership carrying on business here, under the firm of WILLIAM E. CORMACK & Co., is this day dissolved by mutual consent.—All Persons indebted to the said firm are requested to make immediate payment to either of the undersigned, whose receipt will be a sufficient discharge: and all Persons having claims on the said firm, are requested to send them in for adjustment.

W. E. CORMACK,

JOHN B. THOMSON,

Witnesses { PETER M'KELLAR,  
STUART LIDDAL.

A Young Man who can produce respectable references as to Character, wants a SITUATION in an Office, Shop, or Store.—Apply at the Newfoundland Office.

Premises to be Let.

THOSE Water-side Premises now in the occupancy of the Subscriber: they are eligibly situated, and may be improved considerably.

Also,

Several lots of Building Ground, situate in Water and Duckworth streets.

WILLIAM HOGAN,

January 9, 1828.

And immediate possession given,

THOSE PREMISES situate in Water-street, at present in the occupancy of Mr. JOHN DILLON, comprising a DWELLING-HOUSE, SHOP, and STORE—the occupant having the privilege of landing and shipping goods on the Wharf attached to the Premises.—To those desirous of carrying on an extensive retail trade, they present many advantages, arising from situation and capacity.—Apply to

PATRICK MORRIS,

January 2, 1828.

[Continued from first page.]

empty, an' when we were going to march from the town we spent some pleasant hours in; was a thing that if a man could not enjoy, he ought to be thrown behind the fire, as a dthry chip.

"We were just finishing the last glass, when the ould man, our Patroa, Signior Joze, came to say that we must ate a bit o' supper with him, as it was our last night in the place; and although I didn't understand much o' the language, yet he explained himself well enough to make us know that he was in the right earnest o' good nature. We had no more wine to offer him, at which he smiled, and pointed to the parlour below.—'La esta bastante,' says he; which manes there's enough below stairs, my boys. We went down to supper, which was a couple o' Galinias boas, or, in plain English, roast fowls—an' soup, with oranges of the best quality, just plucked out of the ould man's garden. Maria was with us, an' I don't think I ever passed a pleasanter night. God knows whether it was so with Harry an' his sweetheart or not; I believe it was a sort o' mixture. They were both not much in the talking way, an' Maria looked as if she had a hearty meal o' crying before she sat down to supper.—However, I kept up the conversation with Joze, though I was obliged to get Harry to interpret for me often enough, as he was a far better hand at the Portuguese than I was, from always discoursing with Maria. Faith! in larning any language there's nothing like a walking dictionary—that is to say, a bit of a sweetheart."

"Signior Joze gave us a terrible account o' the French when they came to Abrantes first; and all he feared was, that ever they should be able to make their way there again. He hoped he would never see the day, on account of his dear Maria, for they nather spared age nor sex in the unfortunate country."

"They call themselves christians," says he, "and the English infidels; but actions, after all, are the best things to judge by: the sign o' the cross never kept a devil away yet; if so, there should not have been such a Legion of them here along with the French, for we had crosses enough."

"Joze was a liberal man in his opinions, an' although a Catholic, an' more attached to Harry an' me from professing the same religion, yet he was not like the bigots of ould that I read of; but one that looked upon every faith in a liberal light. He was for allowing every man to go to the devil his own way."

"I dinna ken but Joze was raight," dryly remarked sergeant M'Fadgen; to the truth of which observation a general admission was given by all the fire-side listeners.

"Well, we broke up about one o'clock purty merrily, but not at all out o' the way; and, as we had to march, a little after day-break, I thought three or four hours' rest would do us no harm; so I wouldn't let the Patroa open another bottle. Harry looked a little out o' sorts at my preventing him; but I knew what he was at—he didn't want the dthrink; but just to keep sitting up with the girl; therefore I thought better to go; for he an' she would have been just as loth to part if they had been six weeks more together without stopping."

"Next morning we turned out at day-break; an' faith! Harry might as well have staid up all night for the sleep he got—he looked the picture of misery and trouble. We had our rations served out the day before; but faith! we did not want much o' that—Harry and I; for Joze had stuffed our haversacks with every species of eatibles."

"We mustered in the square or market-place—mules and all by 4 o'clock, and at half-past 4 we marched off to the chune o' Patrick's Day, upon a fine band as ever lited; which, in the middle o' foreign parts, as I was, made me feel a little consated, I assure you. The regiment was followed by a crowd of Portuguese, as far as the bridge over the Tagus where we crossed. Poor devils! the band didn't seem to make them look pleasanter: they were like as if they suspected we were not certain of keeping the French out long."

"Just as the light company was moving on to the bridge, (Harry and I belonged to the light company,) we halted a few minutes, and he fell out to spake a parting word to Maria an' her father, who were both waiting then at the bridge. Her mantilla almost covered her face; but still I saw the tears rowling down her cheeks, poor girl, like rain. In a few moments the column moved on, and Harry was obliged to fall in. We both shook hands with the ould father—Harry kissed his sweetheart, and we marched on over the bridge. But to make a long story short, our regiment remained at Elvas about three months, when the French began to attack us, and we retreated upon Abrantes. This was the time that they boasted of going to dthrive us into the sea, clane out o' Portugal; but by my sowl the Mounseers never were more mistaken in their lives. Well, we hadn't heard from Maria for two months, and I remember it was late in the evening when we entered Abrantes on our retreat. Harry and I didn't want to taste bit or sup till we went down to ould Joze's house, and there we larnt that he died of a fever six weeks afore; poor ould man! I was sorry to hear it, an' so was Harry—very sorry indeed. We inquired about the daughter, an' hard that she was living with a particular friend of her father's, at the other end o' the town. We soon found her out, although she was denied to us at first by an ould woman; but faith! a nice-looking young lad, dressed like a *pysano*, or country-boy, with a wide black hat an' red worsted sash on him, came out driving along, and threw his arins round Harry's neck, hugging an' kissing him. By my sowl! the boy was herself, sure enough. The fact is, Maria had dthressed herself up like a boy, fearful that the French would ill use her when they came into the town; an' they expected them, from report, two days before. Faith! an'

so they would, I'd warrant ye! for they never showed much mercy to a purty girl once in their power."

"The people with which Maria now lived, were good crathures, and as fond of her as if she was their own. They insisted upon us stopping with them, although there were six soldiers more in the house. A good room was provided for us, an' every thing comfortable. Harry and Maria made much o' their time; but I was obliged to go on the baggage-guard, so left them to themselves. Next morning, at day-light, we were all undther arms, and marched out o' the town towards Punhete. We were the rear-guard, and as we expected the advanced guard of the French up, we were prepared to give them a good morning; the baggage was all on an hour before. Sure enough, the enemy hung on our rare the whole day, and towards night our company had a bit of a brush with 'em."

"But I forgot to tell ya, that as we left the town of Abrantes, in the dusk o' the morning, and the column was moving down the hill the mist was so thick I could hardly see Harry, although so close to my elbow; but I hard him discoursing a little with a Portuguese that walked beside him. 'When did you lave Maria,' says I.—'Hush, man,' says he, 'she's here.'—'O, by the Powers!' says I again.—'Harry, my boy, you did right, for she'd be destroyed by these thundthering French beggars.'—'For God's sake!' says Harry, 'then don't let on to morty man anything about it; she can be with us until I can get her down to her friends in Lisbon.' I made no reply, but just put out my hand to Maria, who was close to Harry, an' I shook hands with her. 'O, my honey!' says I, 'you'll be as good a little soldier as any in the division: take a dthrop out o' this canteca.' Poor thing! she smiled and seemed happy, although we had no great prospects of an asy life of it, for a few days at last. She wouldn't taste the rum, of course, but with the best humour in the world, pulled out a tin bottle and dthrank a little of its contents, which I saw was only milk."

"The mist began to rise above us by this time, and the sun threw out a pleasant beam or two, to warm us a bit; for the men were all chilly with the djew. In a very few minutes, the walking and the cantecas produced a little more talk along the line o' march, and we seemed as merrily as a bag o' flays, cracking our jokes all along; although a squadthron o' blue bottles was plain enough to be seen on their garros, through the bushes on the top o' the hill behind us; but devil a toe they daared come down. Well! we arrived at Punhete, about one o'clock, and after ating some beef, just killed and briled on a wooden skewer; and washing it down with a canteen o' wine; the division crossed the river *Schairy*, an' encamped on the other side in green tents; that is good wholesome branches o' cork, chestnut, olive, and orange trees waiving purtly over our heads. Do you remember the night, Fatherour? Dy you, Redmond?"

"Yes, faith! we do," says Patterson; "and that was the first time I saw Maria, though I then thought she was a boy."

"Well, I'll never forget that night as long as I live. There we were, Harry, and Maria, and myself, undther a tree, with a rattling fire blazing away before us. We gave our blankets to the girl when the men were asleep, and I got plenty of India corn straw, which is like our flaggers, an' made up a good bed for her, an' stuck plenty o' branches into the bank over her, to keep off the djew. There she slept, poor sowl! while Harry and I sat at the fire, until we fell asleep, discoursing o' one thing or other. We had some grapes an' bread, an' a thrille o' wine which I got in the town on the way (because I had a look out for a dthry day,) upon which the whole of us faisted well."

"When the girl fell asleep, Harry towd me all about her coming away with him. Says he, 'Tom, you're my only friend in the regiment that I would confide in, and if I fall I request you will do what's right for that poor dear girl, just the same as a sister.' 'Don't talk about falling,' says I, 'till you're dead in earnest. God forbid ya should ever lave us without falling in with a few score o' the French scoundthrels and giving them their godsend.'"

"Well," says he, "Tom, there's no knowing any of our fates, so God bless you, do as I bid you. (I shook his hand, and it was in throo friendship too. I didn't wake; but he knew what I meant.) 'She has got most respectable friends in Lisbon,' an' here's the address—'Rua de Flores Lisbon.' I took the paper, and put it up, in the inside breast-pocket o' my jacket, where I kept my will in case I was settled; for I had a thrille which I wished my mother and sister to get in case of accident; an' by my sowl, there was plenty o' reason to expect it, for the report was that the French were coming up in very great force. 'Tom,' says he, 'that sweet girl sleeping there, is as dear to me as my life; an' dearer too. I'll take care of her, please God, until I bring her to her friends: now that her father is dead and she's an orphan, she shall be to me only as a sister, until we go to Lisbon, an' then she shall be my wife. Therefore, stand by me, Tom, in protecting her on the march. In the dthress she now wears, she will pass as a muleter of our division, and notrise would ther in the men. We must say that his mule was killed, and that he is a good fellow we have taken a liking to—if any body asks about her. I took her away for the best; because she was in danger of every thing bad, and also a burthen to the people she was with, at such a time as this. I swore on the Holy Evangelists, before the ould couple, that I would protect her to Lisbon inviolate, and I hope I'll keep my oath, Tom. If I break it, may that burning log there watch my corpse!' 'Then,' says I, 'Tom, I'll do my part, an' if I don't mane to do it, may the same light watch mine!'"

"In this way we talked over the night, until the

day broke. We could just see all spread unther the threes, the men snoozing fast asleep, an' the sentries posted in front. Before the light got much clearer, I spied, over on the hill forment us about half a quarter of a mile, our pickets moving in a bit of a hurry; and faith! about half a dozen shots from them showed us plainly what sort of a storm was beginning. The alarm was among us in a minet, an' every one of us seized the coward iron, in the twinkin' of a bed post. 'Harry,' says I, 'waken poor Maria.'—'Yes,' says he, 'God help her, I will.' With that he did, and without frightening her much, towld her to keep him in sight, but not to be very close to him when he was in any danger. O she was a heroine every inch of her! She didn't spake much but bowldly buttoned her coat, put her hand on her heart, and looked at him as if she said, 'Wherever you are, there will I be.'

"Very few minutes more passed, till the Grenadiers and we (being the light company) were ordered out to cover the retreat; a squadthron o' the French 16th dragoons, in green coats and brass helmets, came throting up the road through the ravine that was on our right, an' opening with the main road. We were within about two hundred yards of them before they got into the main road, for we advanced close to it, unther the cover of a ridge o' bushes; an' in about a minet we let slap among them. O! faith, it bothered them, for they didn't want for the word 'threes about,' but galloped off, laving about a dozen o' them behind. Howsomer, they didn't go far when they returned at a throt, seeing that a column of infantry was moving down the main road from the top o' the hill, to dislodge us. At this moment our own light dthragoons (the 13th I think) with horses that looked like giants to the French garros, came smashing down behind us on the main road, just as the French horse were coming up. Oh! by Jabus! such a licking no poor devils ever got; the sabres went to work in style, an' our poor captain gave us the word to face about, an' give it right into the column coming down the road; which we did with a 'cead mille faulte,' an' then retired as steady as a rock, before our cavalry. 'It was just at this time I saw Maria close to us, an' as pale as death, though all on the alert, an' as brave as a lion. We were now in full march after the breeze we had kicked up; when, from an opening on our right, through a wood of olives, an immense body of horse approached at full gallop; we had just time to give them a volley an' run, when they were in among us. Harry an' I, an' about eighteen more, were cut off from the rest and surrounded, when all further fighting with us was out o' the question; so we were marched off prisoners. I lost all feelings about myself when I looked at Harry, for his countenance was like a wild man's. I knew the cause: it was that Maria was near, an' she was near being baggled by the French guard in charge of us, for doing so."

[To be concluded in our next.]

HIGHLANDERS.—We lately fell in with a rare old book, which has the following passage, copied from the Vienna Gazette of 25th Oct., 1761. It is curious as showing the impression which the first appearance of Highland soldiers on the Continent, in the costume of their country, made upon the minds of the natives. The opinion then formed of them, so far as it is erroneous, is rather laughable; but, upon the whole, it speaks volumes in praise of their soldier-like and general good conduct:—

"A few days ago passed through Minden the Scots Highlanders—a people totally different in their dress, language, manners, and tempers, from the other inhabitants of Britain. They are caught in the mountains when young, and still run with a surprising degree of swiftness. As they are strangers to fear, they make very good soldiers when disciplined. The men are of low stature, and most of them old or very young. They discover an extraordinary submission to, and affection for their officers, who are all young and handsome. From the goodness of their disposition in every thing; for the boors are much better treated by those half-savages, than by the polished and civilized French and English; from the goodness of their disposition, I say, which, by the bye, shows the rectitude of human nature before it is vitiated by example or prejudice, it is to be hoped, that their King's laudable, though late endeavours to civilize and instruct them in the principles of Christianity, will meet with success. A Frenchman seems to be their natural antipathy; they could not look on any of our prisoners here directly, but sideways, and even then with the strongest expression of indignation and aversion."

"The French held them at first in great contempt! But they have met with them so often of late, that they firmly believe that there are twelve battalions of them in our army. Marshal Broglio himself has often said, that he once wished he was a man six feet high, but that now he is perfectly reconciled to his size, since he has seen the wonders perouced by those little men."—*Edinburgh Observer.*

Printed and Published every WEDNESDAY, by the Proprietor, JOHN SHEA, at his Office opposite the CUSTOM-HOUSE, Water-Street,—where Advertisements, &c. will be thankfully received and carefully attended to. Orders will also be transmitted by Mr. THOMAS FOLEY, Merchant, Harbour-Grace.—ONE GUINEA per annum.